29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

June 1909

My Violet,

I go to Cambridge on the 10th — & both Thursday & Friday are taken up with opera.

Sunday I come over day by boat from Dover which gets in after lunch — & then

I am on my way back in time
for dinner, or tea.
My head spins with
Verner Lee, whom I
love to review. What
a woman! like a
Samalow baby. Heather,
I suppose she has a
sense of beauty; in a
vague way— but such
a watery mind. !
Thank you for asking me!
yrs L.

NYPL

T.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

July 21 1909

My Violet,

That is not a Collins (though I enjoyed myself very much) – but to ask if there is any chance that the cottage you had in Cornwall would be to let for a month from Sept: 10th? Nina thinks

Cornwall would be much nicer
than Northumberland.
They want 5 bedrooms,
& to be near a beach
for Julian.
If you could give me
the address of the man,
I would write.

W. H.

NYPL

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

1907

My Violet,

If you could have me another day next week, it would be easier - as I only come up from Cambridge on Monday morning, & we are going to the Opera in the Evening. I am free most

days; but it Monday is
your only day. We
had much better stick
to it.

I have a good deal of
work to do – & can't
do it!

You are an absurd
woman to pretend
that you think I hate
coming.

I am probably
fonder of you than most
people are. My nature
is so pure. Let me
have – Love. VS.

T

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

1909

My Nevitt,
Do come to tea
a Wednesday.
We are just going
to the funeral of
Matthew Arnold's children
melancholy thing to do.

G. M.

T

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

21st Sept. 09.

My Violet.

I took your letter to Bayswater meant to answer it. But the opera was always interrupting - how, having waited goodness knows how long, you may be dead. After all, the last thing was that you had overthrown a marker & you were gardener.

dead, how would you be buried.
I have often gone over in
my mind, the habits of
the Cowper family. What
odd people you know! — there
was the lady who fed the
Toads, married an Italian
Marquis also. Has
that turned out well — are
there many children?
We went to Dresden, where
we became intimate with
an American opera singer,

Who was on the verge of a lawsuit
& conferred with Adrian every
afternoon in her bedroom & now
wishes me to buy her a marabout
boa with Chenille trimming.
Then we came back to London,
& now I have rented a small
cottage for a fortnight, near
Nessa. Julian rushes
straight into the sea, & falls
flat on his face. Nessa
tucks her skirts up, & wades
about with him. Clive
meanwhile saves from a
boat, in a tight black suit.
Yesterday I hired a gentleman

or ladies – it was bi-sexual –
bathing dress, & swam far out,
until the sea gulls played
over my head, mistaking me
for a drifting sea anemone.
Today, however, it is raining; & so
you have the joy of this letter.
I make my own breakfast. Every
morning, & take in the cow –
milk, in my night gown. Milk
goes sour very quickly, & turns
to a smooth kind of custard.
Butter & bacon, on the other hand,
will keep, with luck, a week.
Do write, & tell me how you are;
& remember me to Miss
Schreiner whom I have such
happy recollections. Do you
remember when she played to us
in the Empire drawing room, with
all the objects? W.B.